

RvB: Caboose's Pet

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Summary: Caboose brings home a new pet - one that hates him and Tucker despite their attempts to love it. This pet only seems to love Tex - who wants it dead right from the start. Don't judge a story by its crappy summary.

RvB: Caboose's Pet

**Hey~ I don't have much to say for this, other than the kitten is based off of my actual kitten and his antics. Seriously, everything this James does is something that my James has done.
>

**I own nothing. It's like my money blinked even though the Doctor told it not to. _ **

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><p>Tex rummaged through the refrigerator, suffering from the munchies. She settled on a cup of pudding and was sitting on the counter when she heard a crash from the entrance of the base. She grabbed a butcher's knife and abandoned her pudding, walking toward where the sound had originated.<p>

"Leave it be, Caboose," came Tucker's voice.

"No, we should take it to Tex!" Caboose said cheerfully, before howling in pain. Tex rolled her eyes and picked up the pace, jogging to where the two could be clearly seen trying to avoid something.

"What is your problem?" she snarled at them.

"Tex! Thank God, I've never been this glad to see you!" Tucker shouted. "It's all Caboose's fault!"

"IS NOT!" Caboose retorted. "I DIDN'T DROP HIM!"

"Yes, you did!" Tucker shouted back. "That beast scratched your face and you screamed like a little girl!"

"Yeah, well it tried to swat at your feet and you jumped around like an elephant when it sees a mouse!" Caboose replied.

"WHAT IS IT?" Tex shouted at the warring men. She saw it before they could reply. The monster that was scaring them both was... a kitten.

"DON'T LOOK IN HIS EYES! HE'll STEAL YOUR SOUL!" Caboose warned.

"She doesn't have a soul to steal," Tucker muttered. The kitten ended his attack on the feet and legs of the two men and faced Tex. He was mostly black with a white belly and paws along with a pair of big mossy green eyes. He couldn't have been old enough to be separated from his mother.

The kitten mewed softly to Tex and walked over to her. "TEX, WATCH OUT! HE'LL TEAR YOUR KNEES OUT!" Tucker shouted. The kitten flashed his big green eyes up at Tex and smooshed his kitty face to her ankles, purring loudly.

Tex regarded the kitten with distaste. "Kill it," she growled.

"B-b-but why?" Caboose asked.

"We don't need him here," Tex said bluntly.

"But look at him! I'm sure once he gets to know us, he'll stop trying to eat me!" Caboose stuttered, his voice beginning to break.

"Caboose, we can't have a kitten here!" Tex shouted.

"B-but he has a name!" Caboose shouted. "It's Church!"

"Then he has to die," Tex growled. "I'm not allowing anything by the name of Church to live in this base."

"We can change the name!" Caboose protested.

"Come on, Tex," Tucker finally said. "What's the worse that could happen?"

She rolled her eyes and simply walked off. "IF I CATCH THAT THING IN MY ROOM, I WILL SKIN HIM ALIVE!" she shouted, turning the corner to go eat the rest of her pudding.

Caboose cheered and ran over to pick up his nameless kitten. It hissed and swatted a pawful of claws at his face. It then sped off to hide somewhere in the base.

>"But, you like Tex! Why won't you let me love you?" he asked the kitten.<p>

Tucker put his hand on his shoulder. "Nothing that likes Tex will ever like you," he said gently.

Caboose was silent for a moment. "Church liked me," he said finally.

Tucker opened his mouth, but decided not to burst the blue soldier's bubble. He walked back outside to resume his guard duties and Caboose began search for his kitten.

Tex finished her pudding and was laying on a couch in the rec room, reading a magazine lazily. The kitten was hiding under the couch and heard her humming softly. He poked his head out and mewed. Tex's gaze slid down and saw those green eyes blinking up at her. "What do you want?" she growled.

It mewed again and came out from under the couch. Tex simply returned her attention to her magazine, ignoring the cat's incessant mewing. It finally bunched up its muscles and tried to jump onto the couch. He failed, tumbling over onto his back. Tex suppressed a laugh at the kitten's sheer cuteness. "Stupid cat," she snickered watching the cat roll around on his back, trying to get up. She sighed and picked it up with one hand. "You appear to be as stupid as Church was," she commented. She set him next to her on the couch, resuming her reading. The kitten crawled up to sit on her chest, smooshing his face into her neck. "You seem to like what Church liked as well," she laughed, petting the kitten. "Maybe we should just name you Church."

It blinked it's eyes up at her and she came to the conclusion that this kitten was infinitely cuter than Church ever was. She set her magazine down and the kitten curled up into a purring ball on her chest. She scratched his ears and he mewed pitifully. "Did that idiot Caboose hurt you when he dropped you?" she crooned to him. "Did that moron Tucker step on your iddy bitty tail?" The kitten yawned and closed his eyes. "I don't blame you for running away from them. I would run away if Caboose came running up to me the way he probably ran up to you."

"You seem like a James to me," she concluded, stroking the kitten's back. "Your name is James."

Just then, Caboose thundered into the room. "Church? Church? Are you in here, Church?" he shouted. He noticed the black ball of fur currently residing on Tex's chest and he cheered in delight. "Yay! Tex found Church!" The kitten's head flew up at the sound of his cheering and his eyes narrowed to slits. The kitten hissed and spat as Caboose lumbered over to him. When Caboose reached to pick him up, the kitten swiped another pawful of claws at his hand. Caboose recoiled in pain, his eyes big with hurt. "Church is mean to me," he whimpered.

"I can't imagine why," Tex said.

Tucker's voice could be heard from the hallway, "Caboose, you realize that if Tex finds this cat, she will eat him." He turned into the room and saw where the cat was, now curled back up glaring at Caboose from his vantage point on Tex's chest. "Oh, yeah, that kitten, who you've known for five minutes, gets to sit there, but I've known you for how long and I'm not!"

Tex's glare was colder than the kitten's. "I like James, I don't like

you. I only tolerate you."

"Not an hour ago, you wanted him dead," Tucker retorted. "You've wanted me dead for weeks!"

"You think that has anything to do with it?" Tex asked, sitting up. The two men started to back up instinctively. "If I liked everything that I wanted dead, I'd be the world's biggest whore." She stood up, holding James. She marched past the two men, James adding another hiss for good measure. "I still expect you two to feed him and take care of his litter box," she informed them.

"But he likes you!" Tucker shouted.

"You two wanted to keep him," Tex replied, throwing a triumphant glance over her shoulder before marching off with her kitten.

Caboose turned to Tucker. "I'm starting to think that she wanted the kitten all along, but she acted like she didn't so she wouldn't get stuck taking care of it." Tucker was surprised at Caboose's insight. It actually made sense for once. "And I'm also starting to think that Church was claustrophobic because as a small child he saw his mommy kissing Santa."

Tucker opened his mouth, found that he had no reply to the young soldier's "knowledge" and walked off shaking his head. Caboose was left to continue pondering life's mysteries.

* * *

><p>It's a kitten in Blood Gulch, what more could you want? I doubt I'll continue this... I was writing one fanfiction and my cat decided he was more important - hence climbing onto my chest and distracting me so and giving me this idea.

**At least it's not fluff! :D I'm so proud of that. Really, I have a mild fluff addiction. **

**~The Narwhal Ninja **

End
file.